643.d
11

THE DEVIL to PAY:

OR, THE

Wives Metamorphos'd.

AN OPERA.

As it is Perform'd at the

THEATRE-ROYAL in *Drury-Lane*,

By His MAJESTY's Servants.

by Charles Coffey

In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas
Corpora ——— Ovid.

With the MUSICK *prefix'd to each* SONG.

LONDON:

Printed for J. WATTS at the Printing-Office in *Wild-Court*, near *Lincoln's-Inn Fields*.

MDCCXLVIII. [Price One Shilling.

To the Most Noble

LIONEL-CRANFIELD,

DUKE of DORSET,

Lord-Lieutenant of IRELAND.

MY LORD,

I VERY much fear I shall be thought guilty of great Presumption in taking the Liberty to dedicate to Your Excellency a Play represented at this Season of the Year; and, at the same time, in doing it without first obtaining Leave: But as Your Excellency has too just a Taste and Knowledge of every Science to pass Judgment on any Writer, otherwise than as You are influenc'd by

by the real Merit of his Performance, the first Objection will be of little avail against me; for I should have the same Dread, at any other time, of not gaining Your Excellency's Approbation, since I am sensible, I have but small Pretensions to it from the Alterations and Additions I have made in the Piece I do myself the Honour to lay at Your Excellency's Feet.

The other Objection, of not begging Your Excellency's Permission for this Address, is of no greater Force than the former; for tho' very few Gentlemen of high Birth and Station so much deserve the Encomiums of Mankind as Your Excellency, yet, I am told, there are still fewer but seem more delighted with them. Then how could I apply to Your Excellency in an Affair of this kind, which is, in my Opinion, no better than a Bargain between the Patron and Poet for such a Number of Flatteries and overstrain'd Compliments, as Your Excellency would scorn to accept, had I Meanness enough to make an Offering of them?

But

DEDICATION.

But to take this Occaſion of congratu-
ting my native Country, *Ireland*, on the
Happineſs it is going to receive from Your
wiſe and prudent Adminiſtration, and of
eing one of the Foremoſt in ſhewing my
Zeal and Duty to your Excellency, I hope
will not be thought an unpardonable Am-
ition in,

My LORD,

Your EXCELLENCY's *moſt obedient,*

and moſt devoted humble Servant,

CHA. COFFEY.

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PRO-

PROLOGUE

Spoken by Mr. THEOPH. CIBBER.

IN ancient Greece the Comic Muſe appear'd,
Sworn Foe to Vice, by Virtue's Friends rever'd;
Imperial Jove indulg'd her noble Rage,
And [illegible] bear the Buſkins of the Stage.
[illegible] ill was from her Cenſure free,
[illegible] Age of Man, and no Degree;
Their [illegible] Paſſion was, or Folly led,
The learn'd Chief, or ſacerdotal Head,
The [illegible] Sophiſt, or imperious Dame,
She loſh'd the Evil, nor conceal'd the Name.

How hard the Fate of Wives in thoſe ſad Times,
When ſaucy Poets wou'd chaſtiſe their Crimes!
When each cornuting Mate, each rampant Wife,
Had her Name branded on the Stage with Guilt!
Each Fair may now the Comic Muſe endure,
And join the Laugh, tho' at her Self, ſecure.

Lash'd to a patient Life, this Night behold
A wilful headſtrong Termagant, and Scold;
Whom, tho' her Husband did what Man could do,
The Devil only could reclaim like you;
Like you, whoſe Virtues bright embelliſh Life,
And add a Bleſſing to the Name of Wife.

A merry Wag, to mend vexatious Brides,
Theſe Scenes begun, which ſhak'd your Fathers Sides;
And we, obſequious to your Taſte, prolong
Your Mirth, by courting the Supplies of Song:
If you approve, we our Deſires obtain,
And by your Pleaſure ſhall compute our Gain.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Sir John Loverule, *An honest Country Gentleman, belov'd for his Hospitality.*	Mr. [illegible]
Butler,	Mr. T[illegible]
Cook,	Mr. L[illegible]
Footman,	Mr. Gray.
Coachman,	Mr. Marshall.
Servants to Sir John	
Jobson, *A Psalm-singing Collier, Tenant to Sir* John.	Mr. Harper.
Doctor.	Mr. Hill.

WOMEN.

Lady Loverule, *Wife to Sir* John, *a proud, gaping, brawling, fanatical Shrew.*	Mrs. Pritchard.
Lucy,	Miss Bent.
Lettice,	Miss [illegible]
Her Maids.	
Nell, Jobson's *Wife, an innocent Country Girl.*	Mrs. Cl[illegible]

Tenants, Servants.

SCENE, *A Country Village.*

THE

THE DEVIL to PAY; OR, THE WIVES METAMORPHOS'D.

SCENE I. *The* Cobler's *House.*

JOBSON, and *NELL.*

NELL.

PRYTHEE, good *Jobson*, ſtay with me To-night, and for once make merry at home.

Job. Peace, peace, you Jade, and go Spin; for if I lack any Thread for my Stitching, I will puniſh you by virtue of my Sovereign Authority.

Nell. Ay marry, no doubt of that; whilſt you take your Swing at the Alehouſe, ſpend your Subſtance, get drunk as a Beaſt, then come home like a Sot, and uſe one like a Dog.

Job. Nouns! do you prate? Why, how now, Brazen-face, do you ſpeak ill of the Government? Don't you know, Huſſy, that I am King in my own Houſe, and that this is Treaſon againſt my Majeſty?

Nell. Did ever one hear ſuch Stuff! But I pray you now, *Jobſon*, don't go to the Alehouſe To-night.

Nell. Why they say, Husband, the new Lady will not suffer a Stranger to enter her Doors, for fear of a Draught of small Beer to her own Servants; and several of the Tenants have come home with broken Heads from her Ladyship's own Hands, only for smelling strong Beer in her House.

Job. A Pox on her, for a fanatical Jade! She has almost distracted the good Knight: But she's now abroad, feasting with her Relations, and will scarce come home To-night; and I resolve to have much Drink, a Fiddle, and merry Gambols.

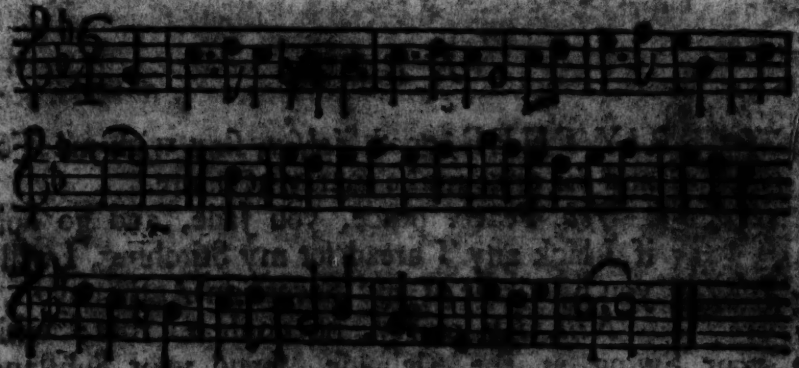
Nell. O dear Husband! let me go with you, we'll be merry as the Night's long.

Job. Why how now, you bold Baggage! wou'd you be carry'd to a Company of smooth-fac'd, eating, drinking, lazy Servingmen; no, no, you Jade, I'll not be a Cuckold.

Nell. I'm sure they would make me welcome; you promis'd I shou'd see the House, and the Family has not been here before, since you marry'd and brought me home.

Job. Why, thou most audacious Strumpet, dar'st thou dispute with me, thy Lord and Master? Get in and spin, or else my Strap shall wind about thy Ribs most confoundedly.

AIR I. The Twitcher.



He that has the best Wife,
She's the Plague of his Life;
But for her that will scold and will quarrel,
Let him cut her off short
Of her Meat and her Sport,
And ten times a Day beep her Barrel, brave Boys,
And ten times a Day beep her Barrel.

Nell.

Nel. Well, we poor Women muſt always be Slaves, and never have any Joy; but you Men run and ramble at your Pleaſure.

Job. Why, you moſt peſtilent Baggage, will you be hanging? Be gone.

Nell. I muſt obey. [Going.

Job. Stay! now I think on't, here's Six-pence for you, go Ale and Apples, drench and puff thyſelf up with Lambs Wool, rejoice and revel by thyſelf, be drunk and wallow in thy own Sty, like a grumbling Sow as thou art.

He that has the beſt Wife,
She's the Plague of his Life, &c. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *Sir* JOHN'S.

BUTLER, COOK, FOOTMAN, COACHMAN, LUCY, LETTICE, &c.

But. I wou'd the blind Fidler and our dancing Neighbours were here, that we might rejoice a little, while our termagant Lady is abroad; I have made a moſt ſovereign Bowl of Punch.

Lucy. We had need rejoice ſometimes, for our deviliſh new Lady will never ſuffer it in her hearing.

But. I will maintain, there is more Mirth in a Galley, than in our Family: Our Maſter indeed is the worthieſt Gentleman —— nothing but Sweetneſs and Liberality.

Foot. But here's a Houſe turn'd topſy-turvy, from Heaven to Hell, ſince ſhe came hither.

Lucy. His former Lady was all Virtue and Mildneſs.

But. Ay, reſt her Soul, ſhe was ſo; but this is inſpir'd with a Legion of Devils, who make her lay about her like a Fury.

Lucy. I am ſure I always feel her in my Bones; if her Complexion don't pleaſe her, or ſhe looks yellow in a Morning, I am ſure to look black and blue for it before Night.

Cook. Pox on her! I dare not come within her Reach. I have ſome ſix broken Heads already. A Lady, quotha! a She-Bear is a civiler Animal.

Foot. Heaven help my poor Maſter! this deviliſh termagant ſcolding Woman will be the Death of him; I never ſaw a Man ſo alter'd all the Days of my Life.

Cook. There's a perpetual Motion in that Tongue of hers, and a damn'd ſhrill Pipe, enough to break the Drum of a Man's Ear.

Enter

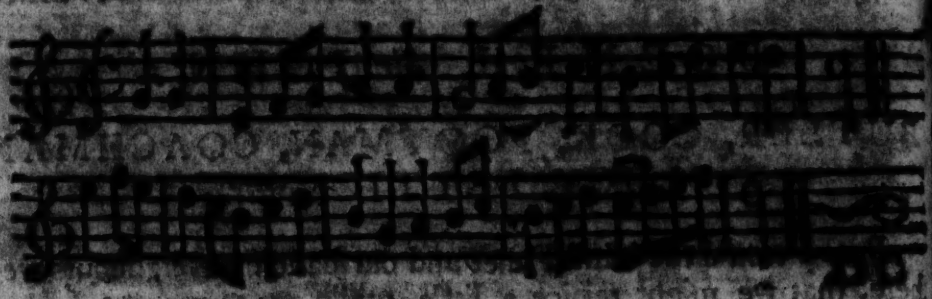
Enter Blind FIDLER, JOHSON, *and* NEIGHBOURS.

But. Welcome, welcome all; this is our Wish. Honeſt old Acquaintance, Goodman *Johſon!* how doſt thou?

Joh. By my Troth, I am always ſharp ſet towards Punch, and am now come with a firm Reſolution, tho' but a poor Cobler, to be as richly drunk as a Lord; I am a true *Engliſh* Heart, and look upon Drunkenneſs as the beſt Part of the Liberty of the Subject.

But. Come, *Johſon*, we'll bring out our Bowl of Punch in ſolemn Proceſſion; and then for a Song to crown our Happineſs.

[*They all go out, and return with a Bowl of Punch.*]

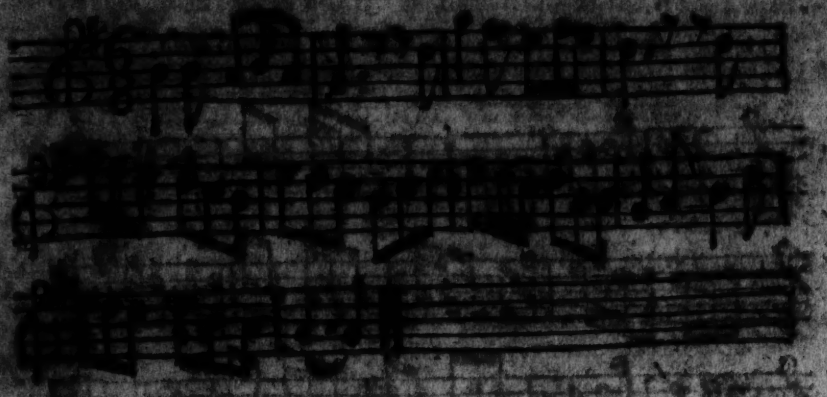
AIR II. *Charles of Sweden.*

Come, jolly Bacchus, God of Wine,
Crown this Night with Pleaſure;
Let none at Cares of Life repine,
To deſtroy our Pleaſure:
Fill up the mighty ſparkling Bowl,
That ev'ry true and loyal Soul
May drink and ſing without controul,
To ſupport our Pleaſure.

Then, mighty Bacchus, ſhall thou be
Conſtant to our Pleaſure,
That under thy Protection we
May enjoy new Pleaſure.
And when the Night is fled away,
We'll in thy Name invoke the Day,
And ſing thy Praiſes, that we may
Live and die with Pleaſure.

But. The King and all the Royal Family, in a Shimmer.

AIR

AIR II.



Here's a good Health to the King,
And send him a prosperous Reign;
Or a Pox on the Fiddlers,
If they drink dry the Pipkins,
Until the Sun rises again; brave Boys,
Until the Sun rises again.

Then here's to thee, my Boy boon,
And here's to thee, my Boy boon;
As we've tarry'd all Day
For to drink down the Sun,
So we'll tarry and drink down the Moon; brave Boys,
So we'll tarry and drink down the Moon.

[Omnes Huzza!

Enter Sir JOHN, *and* LADY.

Lady. O Heaven and Earth! What's here within my Doors? Is Hell broke loose? What Troops of Fiends are here? Sirrah, you impudent Rascal, speak!

Sir John. For shame, my Dear.——As this is a Time of Mirth and Jollity, it has always been the Custom of my House to give my Servants Liberty in this Season, and to treat my Country Neighbours, that with innocent Sports they may divert themselves.

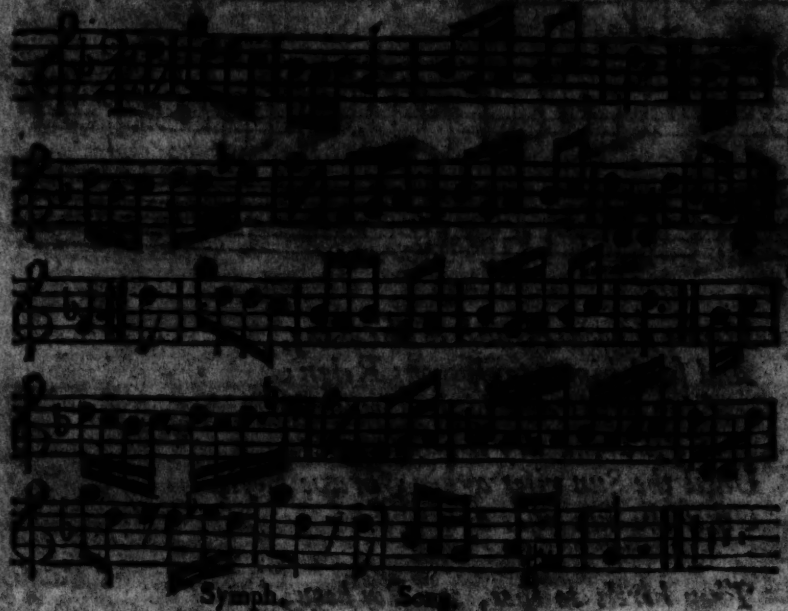
Lady. I say, meddle with your own Affairs, I will govern my own House without your putting in an Oar. Shall I ask leave to correct my own Servants?

Sir John. I thought, Madam, this had been my House, and these my Tenants and Servants.

Lady. Did I bring a Fortune to be thus abus'd and snub'd before People? Do you call my Authority in question, ungrateful Man?

Look

Look you to your Dogs and Horses abroad, but I shall be any Province to govern here; nor will I be cuckold'd under a hunting, hawking Knight in *Cornwall*.

AIR IV. Set by Mr. Seed.

Sir John. *Ye Gods! you gave to me a Wife,*
Out of your Grace and Favour;
To be the Comfort of my Life,
And I was glad to have her:
But if your Providence Divine,
For greater Bliss design her,
To obey your Wills at any time
I am ready to resign her.

This it is to be marry'd to a continual Tempest; Strife and Noise, Canting and Hypocrisy are eternally afloat.—— 'Tis impossible to bear it long.

Lady. Ye filthy Scoundrels, and odious Jades, I'll teach you to junket thus, and steal my Provisions; I shall be devour'd at this Rate.

But. I thought, Madam, we might be merry once upon a Holiday.

Lady. Holiday, you popish Cur! is one Day more holy than another? and if it be, you'll be sure to get drunk upon it, you Rogue. [*Beats him.*] You Minx, you impudent flirt, are you a jigging it after an abominable Fiddle? all Dancing is whorish, Hussy. [*Lays her by the Ears.*

Lucy. O Lud! she has pull'd off both my Ears.

Sir John.

Lady. O Rogue, Scoundrel, Villain!

Sir John. Remember Modesty.

Lady. I'll rout ye all with a Vengeance, I'll spoil your squeaking Treble. [*Runs the Fiddle about the blind Man's Head.*

Fid. O Murder, Murder! I am a dark Man, which way shall I get hence? Oh Heav'n! his Lady has broke my Fiddle, and undone me and my Wife and Children.

Sir John. Here, poor Fellow, take your Staff and be gone: There's Money to buy you two such; that's your way.

[*Exit* Fidler.

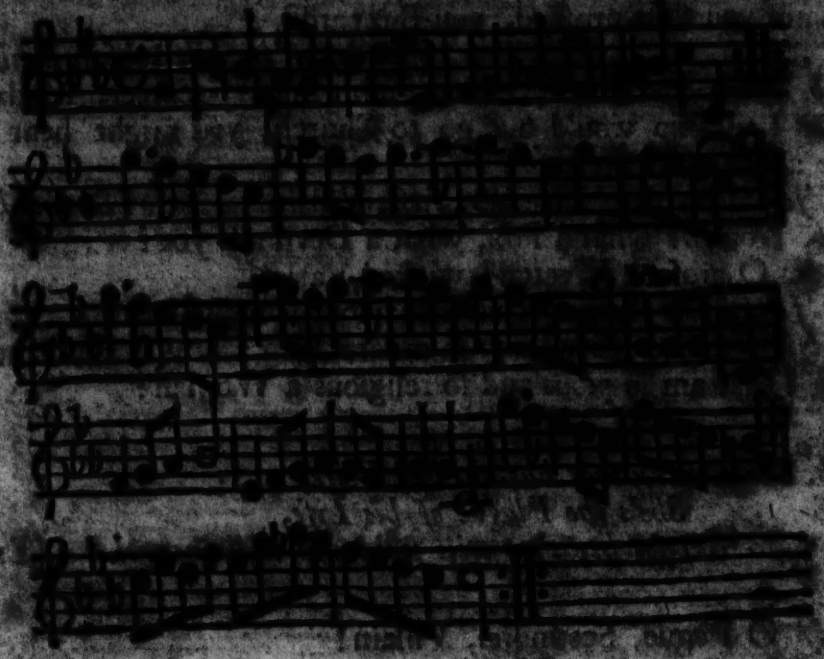
Lady. Methinks you are very liberal, Sir; must my Estate maintain you in your Profuseness?

Sir John. Go up to your Closet, pray, and compose your Mind.

Lady. O wicked Man! to bid me pray.

Sir John. A Man can't be completely curst, I see, without Marriage; but since there is such a thing as separate Maintenance, I'll to-morrow enjoy the Benefit of it.

C AIR

AIR V. Of all Conditions in Misery, &c.

Of the States in Life so various,
Marriage, sure, is most precarious;
'Tis a Maze so strangely winding,
Still we are new Mazes finding;
'Tis an Action so severe,
That nought but Death can set us clear:
Happy's the Man, from Wedlock free,
Who knows to prize his Liberty:
Were Men wary
How they marry,
We should not be by half so full of Misery.

[Knocking at the Door.]

Here, where are my Servants? Muſt they be frighted from [illegible]
—Within there——ſee who knocks.

Lady. Within there.——Where are my Sluts? Ye Drabs, y[illegible]
Queans——Lights there.

Enter Servants, ſneaking, with Candles.

But. Sir, it is a Doctor that lives ten Miles off; he practiſes Phyſick, and is an Aſtrologer; your Worſhip knows him very well, he is a Cunning-Man, makes Almanacks, and can help People to their Goods again.

Enter

Dod. Sir, I humbly beg your Honour's Pardon for this unfeasonable Intrusion; but I am benighted, and the so dark that I can't possibly find my way Home; and knowing your Worship's Hospitality, desire the Favour to be harbour'd under your Roof To-night.

Lady. Out of my House, you lewd Conjurer, you Magician.

Dod. Here's a Turn!——Here's a Change!——Well, if I have any Art, ye shall smart for this. [*Aside.*

Sir John. You see, Friend, I am not Master of my own House; therefore, to avoid any Uneasiness, go down the Lane about a Furlong or a little, and you'll see a Cobler's Cottage, stay there a little, and I'll send my Servant to conduct you to a Tenant's House, where you'll be well entertained.

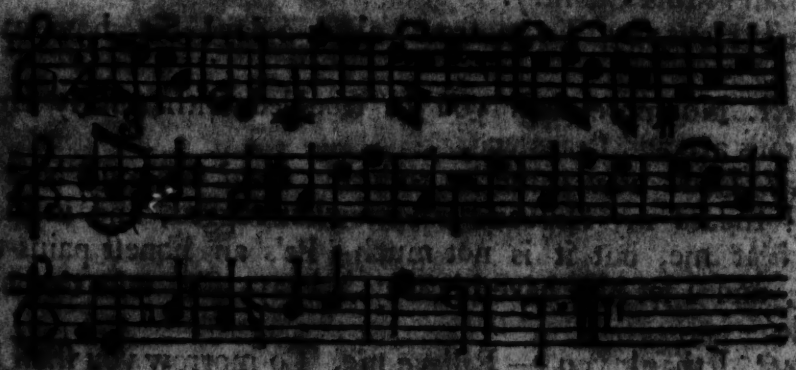
Dod. I thank you, Sir, I'm your most humble Servant.—But as for your Lady there, she shall this Night feel my Resentment.

[*Exit.*

Sir John. Come, Madam, you and I must have some Conference together.

Lady. Yes, I will have a Conference and a Reformation too in the House, or I'll turn it upside down——I will.

A R I A. Counsel'd Country Farmer.



Sir John. Grant me, ye Pow'rs! but this Request,
And let each will the World contest,
Convey her to some distant Shore,
Where I may ne'er behold her more;
Or let me to some Cottage fly,
In Freedom's Arms to live and die. [*Exeunt.*

NELL, and the DOCTOR.

Nell. Pray, Sir, mend your Draught, if you please; you are very welcome, Sir.

Doct. Thank you heartily, good Woman; and to requite your Civility, I'll tell you your Fortune.

Nell. O, pray do, Sir; I never had my Fortune told me in my Life.

Doct. Let me behold the Lines of your Face.

Nell. I'm afraid, Sir, 'tis none of the cleaneſt; I have been about dirty Work all this Day.

Doct. Come, come, in a good Face, be not aſham'd of it, you ſhall ſhew it in greater Places ſuddenly.

Nell. O dear Sir, I ſhall be mightily aſham'd; I want Dacity when I come before great Folks.

Doct. You muſt be confident, and fear nothing; there's much Happineſs attends you.

Nell. Oh me! this is a rare Man; Heaven be thanked.

Doct. To-morrow before Noon you ſhall be the happieſt Woman in this Country.

Nell. How, by To-morrow about Noon! Sir, how can that be?

Doct. No more ſhall you be troubled with a lazy Husband that rails at, and ſtarves you.

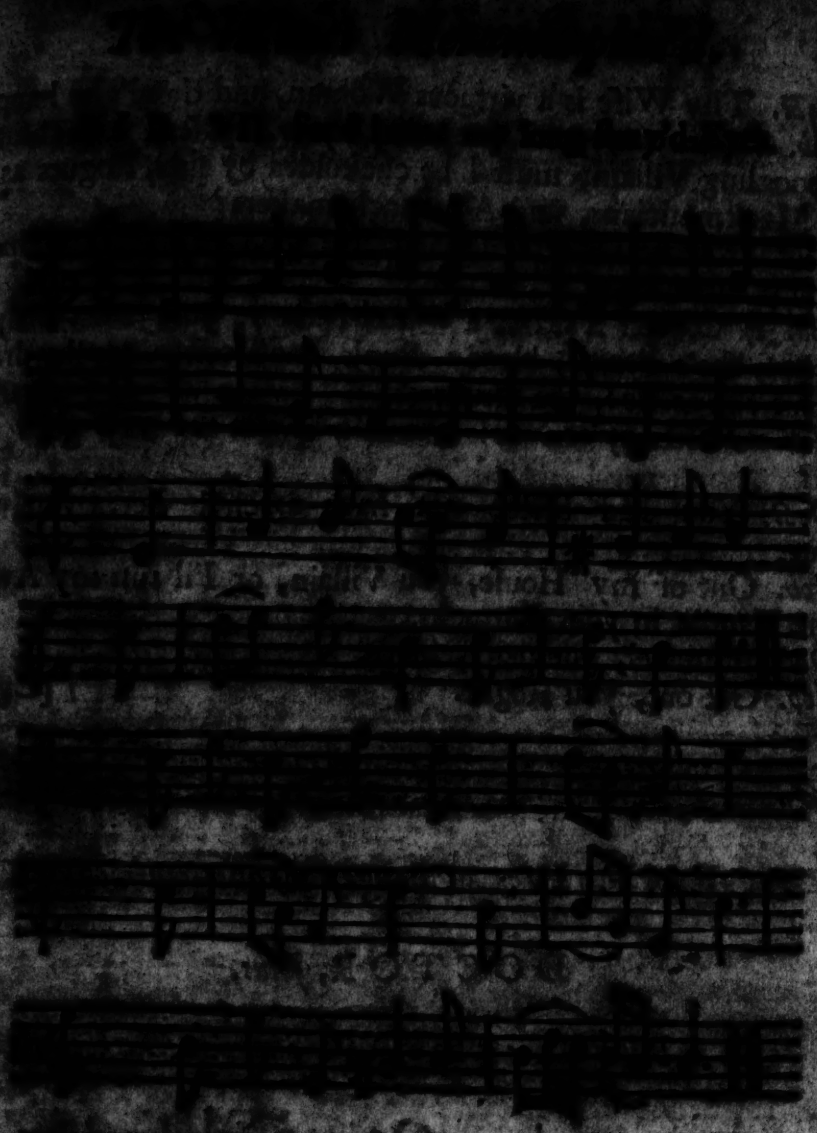
Nell. Lord! how came he to know that? he muſt be a Conjurer! Indeed my Husband is ſometimes ragged, and in his Cups will beat me, but it is not much; he's an honeſt pains-taking Man, and I let him have his way. Pray, Sir, take the low Cup of Ale.

Doct. I thank you.—Believe me, To-morrow you ſhall be the richeſt Woman i'th' Hundred, and ride in your own Coach.

Nell. O Father! you jeer me.

Doct. By my Art! I do not. But mark my Words, be confident, and hear all out, or miſs will follow.

Nell. Never fear, Sir, I warrant you.——O Gemini! a Coach!



8
Conjurer

Enter Jobber.

Job. Where is this Queen? Where, Moll? What a Pox, are you drunk with your Lambs Wool?

Moll. O Husband! here's the rarest Man—he has told me my Fortune.

Job. Has he so! and pleased my Fortune too, a lusty pair of Horns upon my Head——Eh!——Is't not so?

Doll.

Doct. Thy Wife is a vertuous Woman, and thou'rt an happy—

Jo. [illegible]

bumbooding Villain, could I be confident by such Rogues as you are, Mischief-makers, such As [illegible] them?

No [illegible]

Jo. [illegible]

Mad [illegible]

Nell. O [illegible] For-tune!

Doct. Keep her [illegible] her, you furly Rogue.

Jo. Out of my House, you Villain, or I'll run my Awl up to the Hilts in your Guts.

Doct. Farewel, you paltry Slave.

Jo. Get out, you Rogue. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

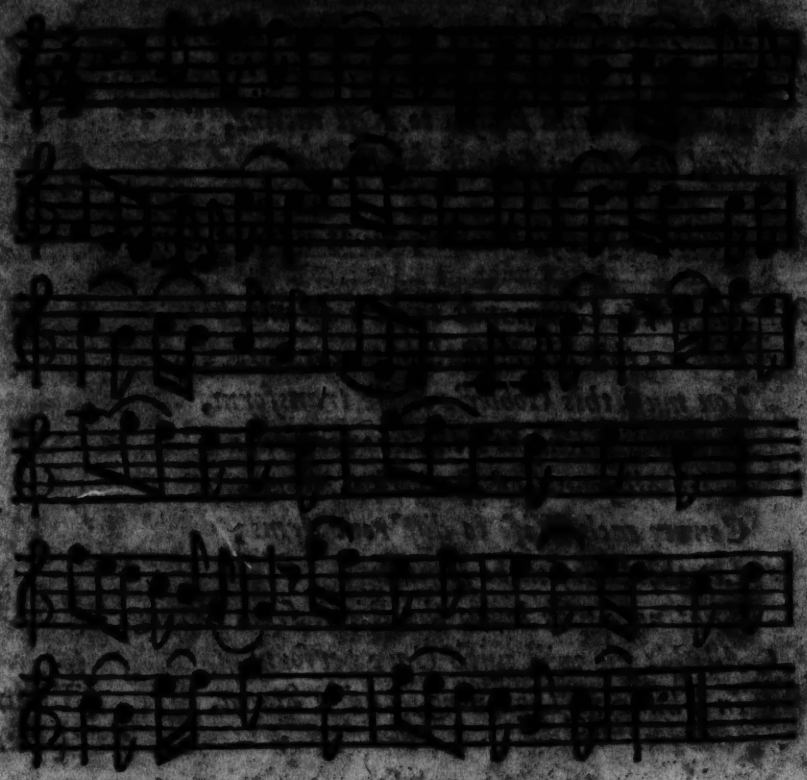
DOCTOR, Mist.

AIR VII.

My little Spirits now appear,

SCENE *changes to the Cobler's House.* Jobson *at work. The Bed in view.*

Job. What Devil has been abroad To-night? I never heard such Claps of Thunder in my Life. I thought my little Hovel would have flown away; but now all is clear again, and a fine Starlight Morning it is. I'll fettle myself to Work. They say Winter's Thunder is Summer's Wonder.

AIR. Cobler of Ca[illegible]

Of all the Trades from East to West,
The Cobler's past contending,
Is like in time to prove the best,
Which ev'ry Day is mending.
How great his Praise who can amend
The Soals of all his Neighbours,
Nor is unmindful of his End,
But to his Last still labours.

Lady. Heyday! what impudent Ballad-singing Rogue is that, who dares wake me out of my Sleep? I'll have you flead, you Rascal.

Jeb. What-a-pox, does she talk in her Sleep? or is she drunk still? [*Sings.*

AIR

AIR X. Now ponder well, ye Parents dear.

I.

As Chaucer he doth write,
A Wanton Wife did dwell,
Who wantonly did spend her Time
In many strange Delight.
All in a time she sick she was,
And she at length did die,
And then her Soul at Paradise
Did knock most mightily.

Lady. Why, Villain, Rascal, Screech-Owl, who makest a worse Noise than a Dog hung in the Pales, or a Hog in a high Wind. Where are all my Servants? some body come and hamstring this Rogue! [*Knocks.*

Job. Why, how now, you brazen Quean! You must get drunk with the Conjurer, must you? I'll give you Money another time to spend in Lambs-Wool, you saucy Jade, shall I?

Lady. Monstrous! I can find no Bell to ring. Where are my Servants! They shall toss him in a Blanket.

Job. Ay, the Jade's asleep still; the Conjurer told her she should keep her Coach, and she is dreaming of her Equipage. [*Sings.*

The other Part.

II.

I will come in, in spite, she said,
Of all such Churls as thee;
Thou art the Cause of all our Pain,
Our Grief and Misery.

Thou first broke the Commandment,
In honour of thy Wife;
When Adam heard her say those Words,
He ran away for life.

Lady. Why, Husband! Sir *John!* will you ſuffer me to be thus inſulted?

Job. Husband! Sir *John!* what-a-pox, has ſhe Knighted me? and my Name's *Lot!* too; a good *Job*, Faith!

Lady. Ha! he's gone, he is not in the Bed. Heaven! where am I? Foh! what lothſome Smells are here? Canvas Sheets, and a filthy ragged Curtain; a beaſtly Rug, and a Flock-Bed. Am I awake, or is it all a Dream? What Rogue is that? Sirrah! Where am I? Who brought me hither? What Raſcal are you?

12
Sir John Early Horn

Job. This is amazing. I never heard ſuch Words from her before. If I take my Strap to you, I'll make you know your Huſband. I'll teach you better Manners, you ſaucy Drab.

Lady. Oh aſtoniſhing Impudence! You my Husband, Sirrah? I'll have you hang'd, you Rogue: I'm a Lady. Let me know who has given me a Sleeping-Draught, and convey'd me hither, you dirty Varlet?

Job. A Sleeping-Draught! yes, you drunken Jade, you had a Sleeping-Draught with-a-pox to you. What, has not your Lambs-Wool done working yet?

Lady. Where am I? Where has my villanous Husband put me? *Lucy! Letice!* Where are my Cousins?

Job. Ha, ha, ha! what does ſhe call her Maids too? The Conjurer has made her mad as well as drunk.

Lady. He talks of Conjurers; ſure I am bewitch'd. Ha! what Clothes are here! a Lindſey-woolſey Gown, a Calico Hood, a red Bays Petticoat, I am remov'd from my own Houſe by Witchcraft. What muſt I do? What will become of me?

[*Horns wind without.*

Job. Hark! the Hunters and the merry Horns are abroad. Why *Nell*, you lazy Jade, 'tis break of Day; to Work, to Work, come, and ſpin, you Drab, or I'll tan your Hide for you: What-a-pox, muſt I be at work two Hours before you in a Morning?

Lady. Why, Sirrah, thou impudent Villain, doſt thou not know me, Rogue?

Job. Know you, yes, I know you well enough, and I'll make you know me before I have done with you.

Lady. I am Sir *John Loverule's* Lady; how came I here!

Job. Sir *John Loverule's* Lady! ah, *Nell*, not quite so bad neither; that damn'd *Slingy*, *Jamaica* Whore plagues every one that comes near her, the whole Country curses her.

Lady. Nay, then I'll hold no longer; you Rogue, you insolent Villain, I'll teach you better Manners.

[*Flings the Bedstaff and other things at him.*

Job. This is more than ever I saw by her, I never had an ill Word from her before. Come, Strap, I'll try your Mettle; I'll sober you, I warrant you, Quean.

[*He straps her; she flies at him:*

Lady. I'll pull your Throat out; I'll tear out your Eyes; I'm a Lady, Sirrah. O Murder! Murder! Sir *John Loverule* will hang you for this; Murder! Murder!

Job. Come, Hussy, leave Fooling, and come to your Spinning, or else I'll lamb you, you ne'er was so lamb'd since you were an Inch long. Take it up, you Jade.

[*She flings it down, he straps her.*

Lady. Hold, hold, I'll do any thing.

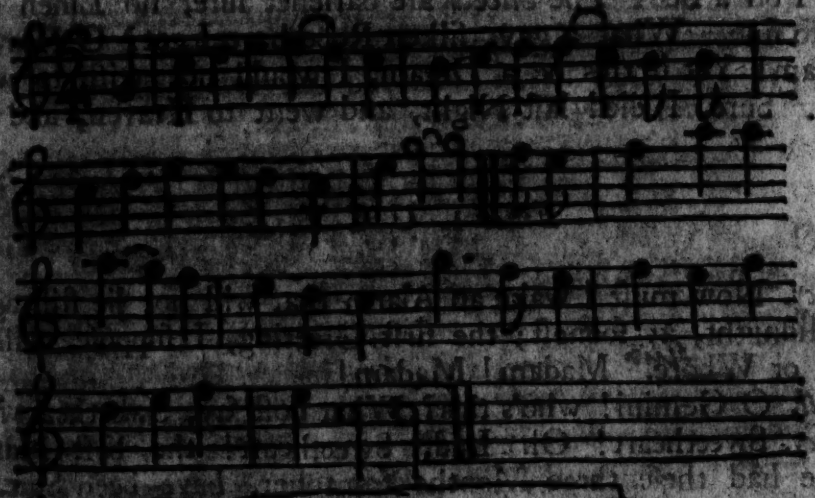
Job. Oh! I thought I should bring you to yourself again.

Lady. What shall I do! I can't Spin. [*Aside.*

Job. I'll into my Stall; 'tis broad Day now.

[*Works and sings.*

AIR XI. Come, let us prepare,



Let Matters of State
Disquiet the Great,
The Cobler has naught to perplex him;
Has naught but his Wife
To ruffle his Life,
And her he can strap if she vex him.

Of Fortune, that it Reels,
From Duns he's secure,
For being so Poor,
There's none to be found that will trust him.

Heyday, I think the Jade's Brain is turn'd. What have you forgot to spin, Hussy?

Lady. But I have not forgot to run. I'll e'en try my Feet; I shall find somebody in the Town, sure, that will succour me. [*She runs out.*

Fob. What, does she run for it? I'll after her. [*He runs out.*

SCENE *changes to Sir* John's *House;*
Nell *in Bed.*

Nell. What pleasant Dreams I have had To night! Methought I was in Paradise, upon a Bed of Violets and Roses, and the sweetest Husband by my Side! Ha! bless me, where am I now? What Sweets are these? No Garden in the Spring can equal them; Am I on a Bed? The Sheets are Sarsenet sure, no Linen ever was so fine. What a gay, silken Robe have I got? O Heaven! I dream! Yet if this be a Dream, I would not wish to wake again. Sure, I died last Night, and went to Heaven, and this is it.

Enter LUCY.

Lucy. Now must I wake an Alarm that will not be still again till Midnight, at sooneſt; the first Greeting, I suppose, will be Jade, or Whore. Madam! Madam!

Nell. O Gemini! who's this? What doth say, Sweetheart?

Lucy. Sweetheart! Oh Lud, Sweetheart! the best Names I have had these three Months from her, have been Slut, or Whore.——What Gown and Ruffles will your Ladyship wear To-day?

Nell. What does she mean? Ladyship? Gown! and Ruffles! Sure I am awake; Oh! I remember the Cunning Man now.

Lucy. Did your Ladyship speak?

Nell. Ay, Child, I'll wear the same I did Yesterday.

Lucy. Mercy upon me! Child! Here's a Miracle!

Enter

Enter LETTICE.

Let. Is my Lady awake? Have you had her Shoe an her Slipper hung at your Head yet?

Lucy. Oh no, I'm overjoy'd; she's in the kindeſt Humour! go to the Bedhead ſpeak to her, now is your Time.

Let. Now's my Time! what to have another Tooth beat out? Mercy!

Nell. What doſt ſay, my Dear? —— O Father! what would ſhe have?

Let. What Work will your Ladyſhip be pleas'd to have done To-day? Shall I work Plain-work, or go to my Stitching?

Nell. Work, Child! 'tis Holiday; no Work To-day.

Let. Oh Mercy! am I, or She awake? or do we both dream? Here's a bleſt Change!

Lucy. If it continues, we ſhall be a happy Family.

Let. Your Ladyſhip's Chocolate is ready.

Nell. Mercy on me! what's that? Some Garment, I ſuppoſe. [*Aſide.*]—Put it on then, Sweetheart.

Let. Put it on, Madam! I have taken it off, 'tis ready to drink.

Nell. I mean, put it by, I don't care for drinking now.

Enter COOK.

Cook. Now go I like a Bear to the Stake, to know her ſcurvy Ladyſhip's Commands about Dinner. How many raſcally Names muſt I be call'd?

Let. Oh, *John Cook!* you'll be out of your Wits to find my Lady in ſo ſweet a Temper.

Cook. What a Devil, are they all mad?

Lucy. Madam, here's the Cook come about Dinner.

Nell. Oh! there's a fine Cook! He looks like one of your Gentlefolks. [*Aſide.*]—— Indeed, honeſt Man, I'm very hungry now, pray get me a Raſher upon the Coals, a Piece of one milk Cheeſe, and ſome white Bread.

Cook. Hey! what's to do here? my Head turns round. Honeſt Man! I look'd for Rogue or Raſcal, at leaſt. She's ſtrangely changed in her Diet, as well as her Humour. [*Aſide.*] —— I'm afraid, Madam, Cheeſe and Bacon will ſit very heavy on your Ladyſhip's Stomach, in a Morning. If you pleaſe, Madam, I'll toſs you up a white Fricaſee of Chickens in a trice, Madam; or what does your Ladyſhip think of a Veal Sweetbread?

Nell. E'en what you will, good Cook.

Cook. Good Cook! good Cook! Ah! 'tis a ſweet Lady.

Enter

Enter BUTLER, &c.

Oh! kiss me, *Chip*, I am out of my Wits; we have the kindest sweetest Lady.

But. You shamming Rogue, I think you are out of your Wits, all of you; she Maids look merrily too.

Lucy. Here's the Butler, Madam, to know your Ladyship's Orders.

Nell. Oh! pray Mr. *Butler!* let me have some Small-Beer when my Breakfast comes in.

But. Mr. *Butler!* Mr. *Butler!* I shall be turn'd into Stone with Amazement. [*Aside.*] — Would not your Ladyship rather have a Glass of *Frontiniac*, or *Champaign*?

Nell. O dear! what hard Names are there; but I must not betray myself. [*Aside.*] — Well, which you please, Mr. *Butler*.

Enter COACHMAN, &c.

But. Go, get you in, and be rejoiced as I am.

Coach. The Cook has been making his Game I know not how long. What, do you banter too?

Lucy. Madam, the Coachman.

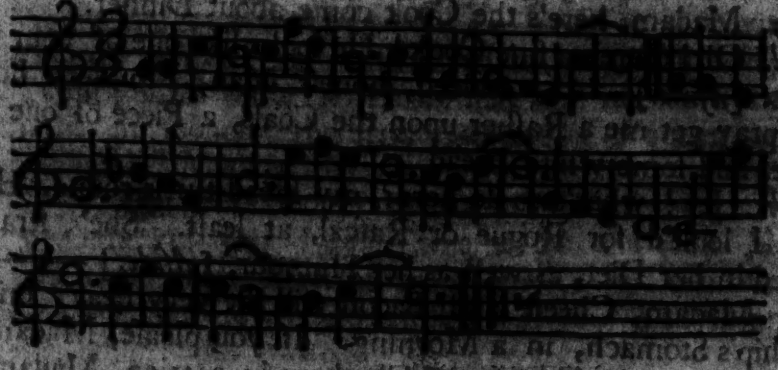
Coach. I come to know if your Ladyship goes out To-day, and which you'll have, the Coach, or Chariot.

Nell. Good lack-a-Day! I'll ride in the Coach, if you please.

Coach. The Sky will fall, that's certain. [*Exit.*

Nell. I can hardly think I am awake yet. How well pleased they all seem to wait upon me! O notable Cunning-man! My Head turns round; I am quite giddy with my own Happiness.

AIR XII. What tho' I am a Country Lass.



Tho' late I was a Cobler's Wife,
In Cottage most obscure-a,
In plain Stuff Gown, and short-tail'd Coif,
Hard Labour did endure-a:

The

The Scene is chang'd, I'm alter'd quite,
And from my former humble Nell'd,
I'll learn to dance, to read, and write,
And learn all how the Fashion. [Exit.

Enter GOLDEN, *meeting his Servants.*

But. O Sir! Master, Sir! News!

Lucy. There never was the like, Sir; you'll be ravish'd and amaz'd.

Sir John. What, are you mad? What's the matter with ye? How now! here's a new Face, my Family's out of its Meaning or Senses!

But. Oh, Sir! the Family is turn'd upside down. We are almost distracted; the happiest People!

Lucy. Ay, my Lady, Sir, my Lady.

Sir John. What, is she dead?

But. Dead! Heaven forbid; O! she's the best of Women, the sweetest Lady!

Sir John. This is astonishing! I must go and enquire into this Wonder. If this be true, I shall rejoice indeed.

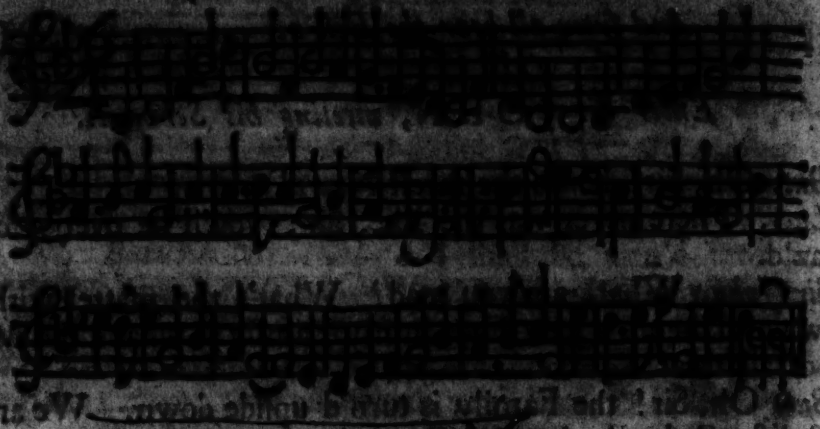
But. 'Tis true, Sir, upon my Honour. Long live Sir John and my Lady! Huzzah! [Exit Sir John.

Enter NELL.

Nell. I well remember the Cunning-Man warn'd me to bear all out with Confidence, or worse, he said, wou'd follow. I am asham'd, and know not what to do with all this Ceremony; I am amaz'd, and out of my Senses. I look'd in the Glass, and saw a gay fine thing I knew not; methought my Face was not at all like that I have seen at home in a piece of Looking-Glass fallen'd upon the Cupboard. But great Ladies, they say, have flattering Glasses, that shew them far unlike themselves, whilst poor Folks Glasses represent them even but as they are.

AIR

AIR XIII. When I was a Beau of Honour.



Fine Ladies with an artful Grace,
Disguise each native Feature;
Whilst flatt'ring Glasses shew the Face,
As made by Art, not Nature:
But we poor Folks in home-spun Grey,
By Patch nor Washes painted,
Look fresh and sweeter far than they,
That still are finely painted.

Lucy. O Madam! here's my Master just return'd from Hunting.

Enter Sir JOHN.

Nell. O Gemini! this fine Gentleman my Husband.

Sir John. My Dear, I am overjoy'd to see my Family thus tranſported with Ecſtaſy which you occaſion'd.

Nell. Sir, I ſhall always be ready to do every thing that may give you delight, and your Family ſatisfaction.

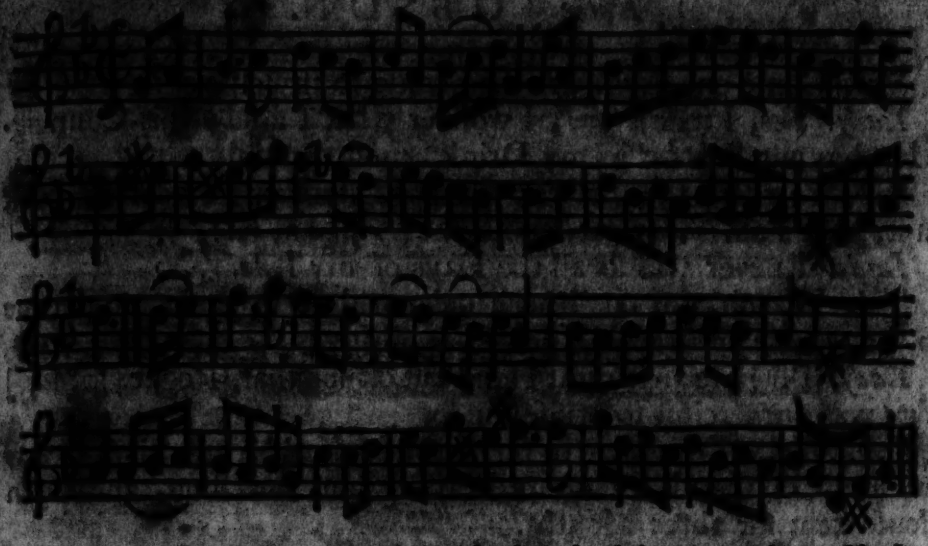
Sir John. By Heav'n! I am charm'd; dear Creature, if thou continueſt thus, I had rather enjoy thee than the *Indies*. But can this be real? May I believe my Senſes?

Nell. All that's good above can witneſs for me, I am in earneſt. [*Kneels.*

Sir John. Riſe, my Deareſt. Now am I happy indeed——— Where are my Friends, my Servants? call 'em all, and let them be Witneſſes of my Happineſs. [*Exit.*

Nell. O rare ſweet Man! he ſmells all over like a Noſegay.—— Heaven preſerve my Wits.

AIR



Nell. *O charming Cunning-Man! thou haſt been wondrous kind,*
And all thy golden Words do now preve true I find;
Ten thouſand Tranſports wait,
To crown my happy State,
Thus kiſs'd, and preſs'd,
And doubly bleſs'd
In all this Pomp and State:
New Scenes of Joy ariſe,
Which fill me with Surpriſe;
My Rock, and Reel,
And Spinning-Wheel,
And Husband I deſpiſe;
Then Jobſon, now adieu,
Thy Cobling ſtill purſue,
For hence I will not, cannot, no, nor muſt not buckle to.

[Exit.

SCENE, ~~Jobſon's Houſe.~~

Enter LADY.

Was ever Lady yet ſo miſerable? I can't make one Soul in the Village acknowledge me; they ſure are all of the Conſpiracy. This wicked Husband of mine has laid a deviliſh Plot againſt me; I muſt at preſent ſubmit, that I may hereafter have an Opportunity

of executing my Design. Here comes the Rogue; I'll have him strangled; but now I must yield.

Enter JOBSON.

Job. Come on, *Nell*, art thou come to thyself yet?

Lady. Yes, I thank you, I wonder what I ail'd; this Cunning-Man has put Powder in my Drink, most certainly.

Job. Powder! the Brewer put good store of Powder of Malt in it, that's all. Powder, quoth she! Ha, ha, ha!

Lady. I never was so all the Days of my Life.

Job. Why so, no, nor I hope never will be so again, to put me to the trouble of strapping you to death.

Lady. I'll have that right Hand cut off for that, Rogue. [*Aside.*] You was unmerciful to bruise me so.

Job. Well, I'm going to Sir *John Leonard's*, all his Tenants are invited; there's to be rare Feasting and Entertainment and Open House kept for three Months.

Lady. Husband, shan't I go with you?

Job. What the Devil ails thee now? Did I not tell thee but Yesterday, I would strap thee for desiring to go, and art thou at it again, with a Pox?

Lady. What does the Villain mean by Strapping, and Yesterday?

Job. Why, I have been marry'd but six Weeks, and you long to make me a Cuckold already. Stay at home and be hang'd, there's good cold Pie in the Cupboard, but I'll trust thee no more with strong Beer, Hussy. [*Exit.*

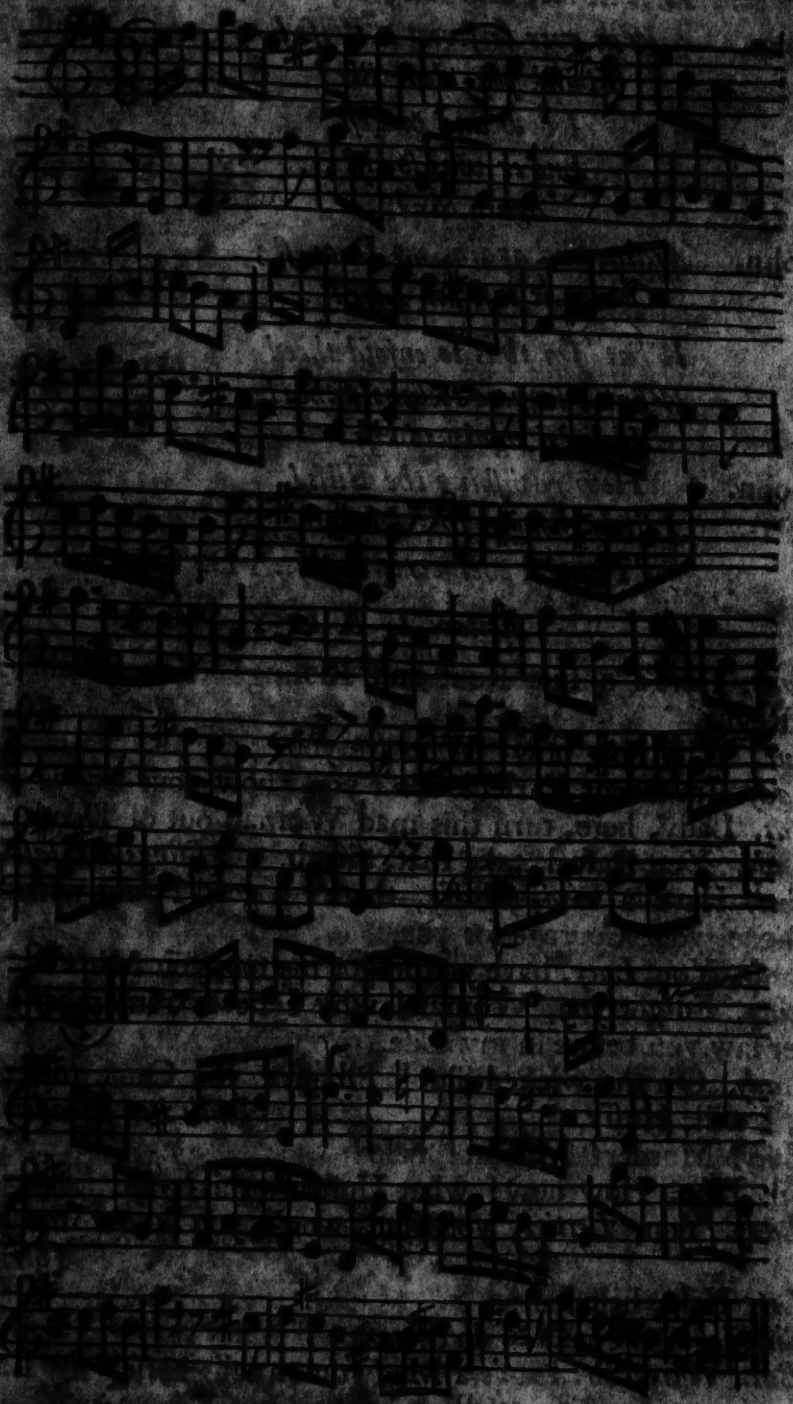
Lady. Well, I'll not be long after you; sure I shall get some of my own Family to know me, they can't be all in this wicked Plot. [*Exit.*

A I R

SCENE. Sir John.

Sir JOHN and Company enter.

AIR XV. Duette.



Sir John. Was ever Man poſſeſt of
So ſweet, ſo kind a Wife!

Nell.

Nell. Dear Sir, you make me proud;
Be you but kind,
And you shall find
All the Good I can boast of,
Shall end but with my Life.

Sir John. Give me thy Lips;

Nell. First let me, dear Sir, wipe 'em;

Sir John. Was ever so sweet a Wife! [Kissing her.

Nell. Thank you, dear Sir!
I vow and protest,
Ne'er was so kiss'd
Again Sir!

Sir John. Again, and again, my Dearest;
O may it last for Life!
What Joy thus to enfold thee!

Nell. What Pleasure to behold thee!
[Incliu'd again to kiss.]

Sir John. How ravishing the Bliss!

Nell. I little thought this Morning,
'Twou'd ever come to this. Da Capo.

Enter LADY Oh.

Lady. Here's a fine Rout and Rioting! You Sirrah, Butler, you Rascal.

But. Why how now! Who are you?

Lady. Impudent Varlet! don't you know your Lady?

But. Lady, here, turn this mad Woman out of Doors.

Lady. You Rascal, take that, Sirrah. [Flings a Glass at him.

But. Here's a mad Woman, Sir, there's a good Pewter, we shall need your Courage for 'em.

Lady. You, Lucy, have you forgot me too, you Minx?

Lucy. Forgot you, Woman! why I never remember'd you, I never saw you before in my Life.

Lady. Oh the wicked Slut! I'll give you Cause to remember me, I will, Huffy. [Pulls her Headclothes off.

Lucy. Murder! Murder! help!

Sir John. Hoyt now! what Uproar's this?

Lady. You, Lettice, you Slut, won't you know me neither! [Strikes her.

Let. Help, help! ——

Sir John. What's to do there?

But. Why, Sir, here's a Madwoman calls herself my Lady, and is beating and cuffing us all round.

Sir John.

Sir John. [*To Lady.*] Thou my Wife! poor Creature, I pity thee, I never saw thee before.

Lady. Then it is in vain to expect Redress from thee, thou wicked Contriver of all my Misery.

Nell. How am I amaz'd! Can that be I, there in my Clothes, that have made all this Disturbance! And yet I am here, to my thinking, in these fine Clothes. How can this be? I am so confounded and affrighted that I begin to wish I was with *Zekiel* Hob-son again.

Lady. To whom shall I apply myself, or whither can I fly! Heaven! What do I see? Is not that I, yonder, in my Gown and Petticoat I wore Yesterday? How can it be! I cannot be in two Places at once.

Sir John. Poor Wretch! she's stark mad.

Lady. What, in the Devil's Name, was I here before I came? Let me look in the Glass. Oh Heav'ns! I'm astonish'd, I don't know myself! If this be I that the Glass shews me, I never saw myself before.

Sir John. What incoherent Madness is this?

Enter JOBSON.

Lady. There, that's the Devil in my Likeness, who has robb'd me of my Countenance. Is he here too?

Job. Ay, Huffy, and here's my Strap, you Quean.

Nell. O dear! I'm afraid my Husband will beat me, that was on t'other side the Room there.

Job. I hope your Honours will pardon her, she was drinking with a Conjurer last Night, and has been mad ever since, and calls herself my Lady *Loverule*.

Sir John. Poor Woman! take care of her; do not hurt her, she may be cur'd of this.

Job. Yes, and please your Worship, you shall see me cure her presently. Huffy, do you see this?

Nell. O! pray *Zekiel*, don't beat me.

Sir John. What says my Love? Does she infect thee with Madness too?

Nell. I am not well, pray lead me in. [*Exeunt* Nell *and Maid.*

Job. I beseech your Worship don't take it ill of me, she shall never trouble you more.

Sir John. Take her home, and use her kindly.

Lady. What will become of me? [*Exeunt* Jobson *and Lady.*

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Sir, the Doctor who call'd here last Night, desires you will give him leave to speak a Word or two with you, upon very urgent Business.

Sir John. What can this mean? Bring him in.

Enter

Lady. I'll never [illegible] more.

Sir John. Lord, I have been all this a Dream [illegible] weary of it.

Job. Forsooth, Madam, will you please to take your [illegible] and let me have mine again.

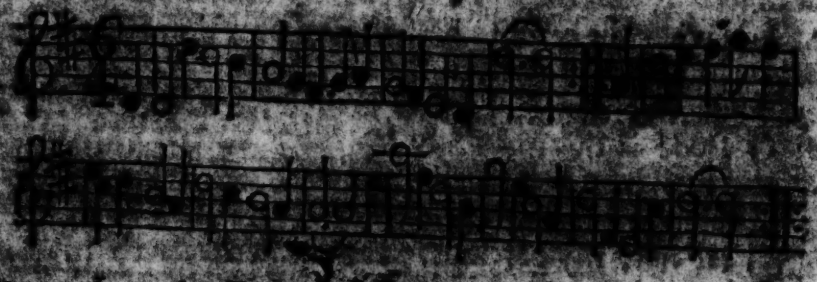
Job. Hold your Tongue, you Fool, they'll forve you to go to Church.

Lady. No, thou shalt keep them, and I'll preserve mine as Relliques.

Job. And can your good Ladyship forgive my strapping you Honour so very much?

Lady. Most freely. The Joy of this blessed Change sets all things right again.

Sir John. Let us forget every thing that is past, and think of nothing now but Joy and Pleasure.

AIR XVI. Hey Boys we go we.

Lady. *Let ev'ry Face with Smiles appear,*
Be Joy in ev'ry Breast,
Since from a Life of Pain and Care,
We now are truly blest.

Sir John. *May no Remembrance of past Time*
Our present Pleasures blot,
Be nought but Mirth and Joy a Crime,
And Sporting all our Fault.

Job. *I hope you'll give me leave to speak,*
If I may be so bold;
There's nought but the Devil, and this good Strap
Could ever tame a Scold.

FINIS.